

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1896.—COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY W. R. HEARST.

THE FIVE EXILES FOR LIFE IN NEW YORK'S LEPER COLONY.



HENRY BROWN



SAM LOO



CHAS WILLIAMS



LONG DONG



FRED FLEMING

Winifred Black Visits the Lonesome Unfortunates on North Brother Island.

Way up in East River, right opposite One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, there's a round, green little island. There's a cheerful little white lighthouse at the end of the island that looks toward the city; there are a few clean, spick and span red brick buildings in the centre of the little island, there are trees and shrubs and flowers there, and down in a corner by itself, there stands a low celled little blue pavilion.

I went past the little green island the other day, on the Fall River boat. The boat sailed close to the shore. A man sat on the shore in front of the blue pavilion, looking out at the river.

A boy who stood beside me shouted and waved his hat. The man lifted his head and stared silently at the steamer and at the boy and at the line of passengers who sat upon the clean white deck of the steamer.

"Halloo! Halloo!" shouted the boy sturdily. "Ship ahoy!"

The steward touched the boy on the shoulder.

"He'll never answer ye," he said.

"Why not?" said the boy. "Can't he hear me?"

"He can hear all right," said the steward, "but the fellows in that pavilion don't talk much to strangers."

Yesterday I went to the little green island. I rowed over from One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. I found out that the spick and span brick buildings were hospitals.

"That's fever," said the young doctor who did the honors of the island, "and that's smallpox, and that's diphtheria."

"And the blue pavilion, the little wooden one down by the water—what is that?"

"That," said the doctor, "that is the lepers' pavilion."

We went to the lepers' pavilion, the doctor and I.

We went in and saw the place where the life prisoners of disease live.

There are five of them.

Five men—all waiting for death.

Five men, who must live in the little blue pavilion until the black boat comes and tows them up the river to the Potter's Field.

Year in and year out, come Summer, come Winter, come Spring, come Fall—the men in the blue pavilion must stay and wait.

Up and down, up and down they may walk, for six or seven rods the State gives them right of way.

It's a narrow little road, the highway of the lepers, but it is broad enough for all who walk there.

The fever patients and the smallpox patients lock of their windows in the big brick hospitals, and they shudder with fear and horror of the little blue pavilion and the men who live there.

The convicts in the great prison are happier than they; the insane poor on Blackwell's Island are kinder in comparison. For every afflicted wretch who lives there is always hope—except for the leper. He can never get well. He can never hope for pardon; he can never see friend or foe or any but his doctor and his fellow-lepers.

and he must sit patiently in the blue pavilion—and wait.

The blue pavilion is a clean, orderly, well-ventilated little wooden house, with a hard shining floor, and with a sloping roof and with bare wooden walls. There are some cots down at the further corner of the long, bare room, toward the water.

It is a clean, orderly, well-ventilated little wooden house, with a hard, shining floor, and with a sloping roof and with bare wooden walls. There are some cots down at the further corner of the long, bare room, toward the water.

A man lay in one of the cots. The room was warm, almost to suffocation. The bright September sun shone full upon the forlorn little cot, but the man who lay there was heaped with blankets.

"Cold," he said; "very cold. I try to sleep a little."

He spoke slowly and with evident pains. "He's a German," said the doctor. "He doesn't speak much English. He has a few phrases he repeats."

"Intelligent?"

"Oh, yes; quite intelligent. His name is Frederick Fleming. He is our newest patient."

Frederick Fleming looked up at us from his blankets.

He looked to be about forty or fifty years old. He had little, blinking blue eyes and a dazed face.

"I am sick," he said slowly, blinking at the doctor and at me; "very sick. Try to sleep a little."

"He was a baker," said the doctor. "He came from Brazil. He went to Bellevue for treatment. They found out what ailed him and sent him here."

The man's little blinking eyes grew fixed with a look of desperate grief. He drew the blankets to his face and trembled.

"I come here," he said; "they are good—plenty to eat—plenty to keep warm—but—"

He raised himself suddenly in his bed and shook a trembling finger at me—"I stay here till I die—till I die. I stay here. The water run, run, run, past the house. I hear it. In the night, when I go to my sleep, I hear it. In the morning when I open my eyes I hear it. Always the water—always the water."

The man rocked his great forefinger back and forth in an attempted imitation of the waves. "I hear the steamboat—it whistles—it passes by. I hear the sailboat—the rope make a noise in the wind—it cry—it cry—but the boat pass by. The boat pass always by—like the water, like the water"—the rocking forefinger is closed on a sudden.

"I am cold," said the baker. "I try to sleep a little," and he sank his head down into the blankets, and would speak no more.

"Have you friends?" I said.

"Is there no one you would like to write to?"

"It is cold," said the baker. "I try to sleep a little."

A tall mulatto boy came into the room. "This is Mr. Brown," said the doctor. "He is the patient who has been here longest."

The boy held up his head and smiled bitterly. "Yes," he said, "I have been here nearly two years now. Two men have died in this place since I came. I feel better every day." His clear eyes

broke a little. "I am young, you see," he said, "young and strong. It will take me a long time to go away."

He spoke without the least trace of dialect. His voice was clear and sweet—like the voice of a very young child.

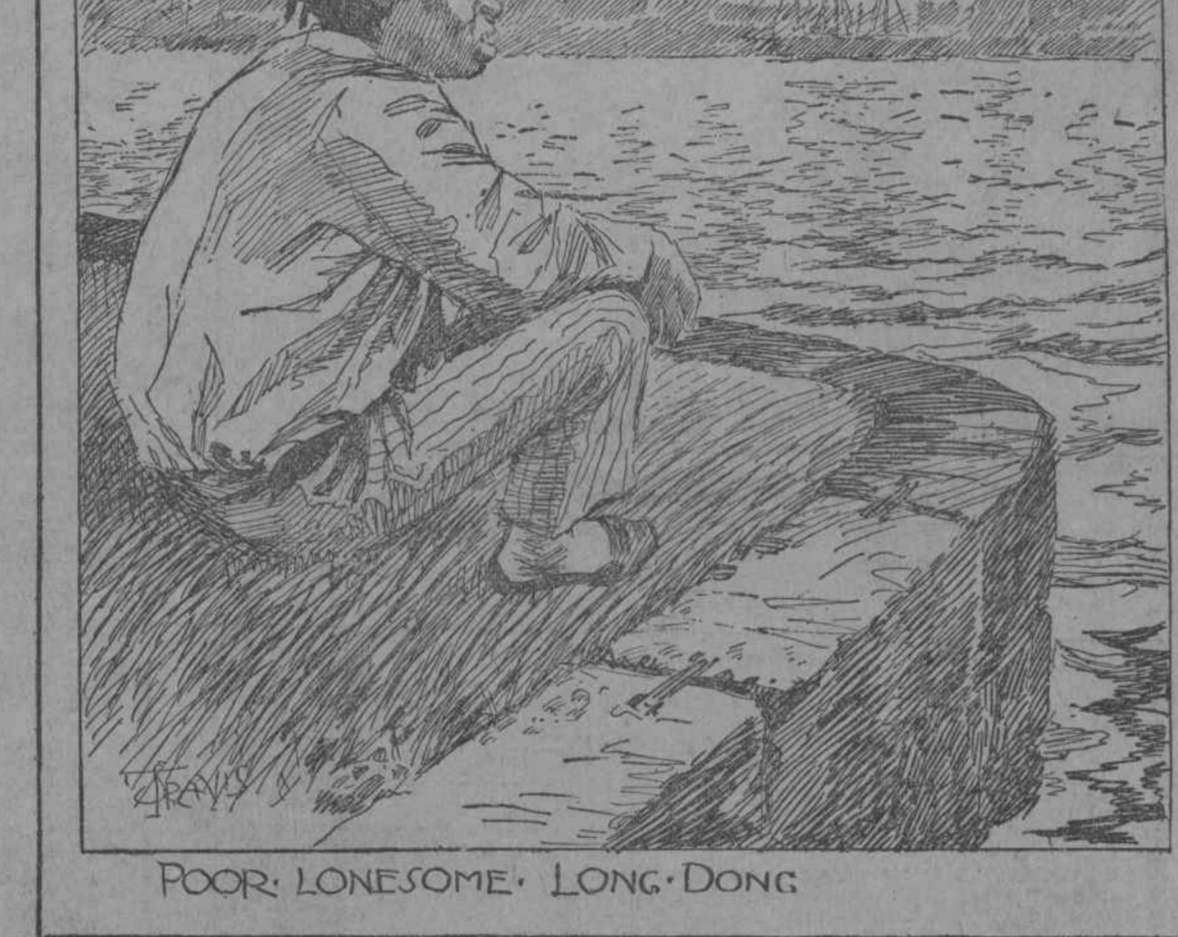
"How old are you?"

"Nineteen," said the boy.

He was tall and lithe and slender, and he looked perfectly well, except for a slight limp.

"I do not suffer at all," he said. "My foot is lame, and I cannot use my hand. The doctor is helping me, he says—the boy smiled up at the doctor, and the young, gentle-faced doctor smiled back at the boy. "He says I may be able to work soon."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I am trying to get him well enough to work a little."



POOR LONESOME LONG DONG

he could see his friend from the blue pavilion door.

"He's good to me. He's a minister. He comes to see me, and twice he's brought me books. He's been sick, and he ain't been able to come for awhile, but he'll come as soon as he can. I know he will. He ain't a bit afraid of me, and he's my good friend. I don't know—the boy's voice choked, and he coughed a little—"I don't know as I'd know how to get along if it wasn't for him. It's good to have somebody that ain't afraid."

He showed me a tumbled copy of the Round Table. "He sends me these," he said. "My friend does. There's lots of good reading in them. I like to read. I read a good book awhile ago. I don't know where it came from. It was a book about a boy and his mother, and how the boy was ailing and sickly, and he found an island with treasure on it and a blind man and a pirate. They tried their levellest to get that treasure, but the boy wouldn't have it. He worked and planned, and he got scared and had to hide, and he fought a bully good fight with the pirate, but he got the treasure, and he wasn't sickly at all when he got home again."

"It was a fine story. I wish I had a lot like it. I like to read boys' books—books where boys go hunting and fishing and fighting, and lick everybody and never get sick or tired or lonesome. I could read books like that all Winter, and never hear the ice knocking up against the island wall or—"

A Chinaman shuffled to the boy's elbow. "What you talk?" he said.

The boy shut his great, dilating eyes, then he limped out of the door.

"Him funny boy," said the Chinaman; "him velly funny boy." He grinned; his yellow face was horribly distorted.

"You see my hand?" he said, as he thrust a shapeless claw toward me.

When I did not look at it, he cast his heady eyes at the ceiling, and looked pompously like a pompous doctor.

"Int'le'sting," he said; "int'le'sting." The Chinaman's name is Sam Lou. He has been at the island for some months. I asked him if he liked it there. "Yes," he said, nodding his hideous head; "I like, I like. Doctor velly good."

"Are you feeling better since you came?" Sam Lou threw back his awful throat and cackled discordantly. "Feel better?" he exclaimed; "feel better? Yes, yes; all time, all time; all men feel better here."

I went to the other end of the room. A tall negro stood by a cot in the corner of the room. He was a great, powerful fel-

low, with a black column of a throat and a sinewy chest.

He showed a row of splendid teeth when I spoke to him.

"My name is Williams," he said. "Charles Williams. I come from the West Indies. Have you ever been to the West Indies?"

"No," I said. "I haven't."

The man's face fell. "You ought to go," he said. "It's only a little way. You can leave New York on a cold, frosty mornin' and first news you know it's a growin' warmer, an' a growin' warmer. You take off your overcoat, an' then you take off your coat, an' some mornin' you wake up bright an' early, an' you see the blue water under the ship, an' you see the fish flyin' an' you see the water shinin'."

"Dark, as if there was a fire kindled in it—an' then you are goin' home—goin' home."

"What is your trade?"

"Sailor," said the man, straightening himself; "sailor. I come here from the ship Rosamund. I ain't twenty yet, but I'm a pretty good sailor, for I'm young. Have you seen my ship?"

"No," said I. "Where are they?"

The man laughed—the chuckling, delighted laugh of his race. "Here dey is," he said. "All makin' ready to sail."

He picked up three pieces of cardboard from a table which stood at the head of his cot.

"I can't draw much," he said; "you musn't laugh now."

He held out the pieces of cardboard. A ship was drawn upon every piece—a ship, full rigged, and with a man at the bow pulling in the anchor chains.

"Makin' ready to sail," he said, "every one of 'em."

And so they were.

Crudely drawn, strangely shaded, but all of them "makin' ready to sail."

He reads English, too, this sailor from the West Indies, and he wants books to read—books about sailors and about ships which sail into strange seas.

"Never feel sick here," he said. "I reckon I'm gettin' better, right better, so I don't feel pain. Of course, you know, an' I know, there ain't any gettin' well for me. None of us here in this yer blue pavilion, we wait here to get well. We're here to wait, to sort of git through with it—to git through with it." The great fellow laughed a little, and then his huge chest heaved with a great sigh.

Time seems slow, sometimes," he said. "Time certainly does seem mighty slow."

When he had gone outside the doctor said: "He's right, poor fellow. Of course there's no hope, but we do keep them from suffer-

Hopelessly Waiting for Death to Release Them from the "Blue Pavilion."

ing. You know there are three stages—muscular, tubercular and anaesthetic. "The first stage brings lack of muscular control, the second brings ulcers, the third brings—but we try never to let it get to the third stage here. There really isn't much suffering to it. It's a slow decay. That's what leprosy is—a slow decay."

"Cure? Every few years a doctor arises with a sure cure for leprosy. It has never cured many lepers yet. Physicians have been studying leprosy for centuries, and there seems to be about as little known about it now as there was when the lepers lived in the caves outside of Jerusalem. I have read an interesting book of late, a book by a great American doctor, in which he says leprosy only exists in nations which are degenerate. The Chinese, the Hawaiians, the Finns, the Swedes, the Norwegians—these people all have leper colonies."

"Some people try to trace leprosy to the eating of raw fish making it a sort of distant relation of the scurvy, but that is mere conjecture. It is unusually hard to trace, because it takes about seven years for it to develop. There is really nothing contagious in leprosy. It is caught by contact only."

"I've heard very good doctors say that leprosy isn't half so contagious or so dangerous to public safety as consumption."

"You can live in the family with a leper for years and never catch the disease."

"You may be with him one moment, and—if you happen to touch him, if your skin is abraded or in any way broken—you may become a leper."

"It is a strange, puzzling, baffling disease; and one which is feared with a horror that amounts almost to superstition. He cautioned Dr. Thels not to say anything about it, but said he would return within thirty days with his bride."

He returned again about 10 o'clock, talked merrily with the household and departed, returning the second time at 11:45, to find Dr. Thels gone. He waited in a private room. Mrs. Thels passed through the room, and remarked that Dr. Tanke was sleeping, and guests in the house saw him about noon seemingly sound asleep. Dr. Thels returned to the house at 12:45, to find his friend dead in the chair, with his head thrown back and smiling. It is believed that the excitement caused by his prospect of future bliss affected his heart, which lately had been weak in its action.

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DIED FROM JOY.

A Chicago Doctor Who Couldn't Stand the Strain of Approaching Nuptial Bliss.

Excited over his love affairs and his approaching departure for Europe, Dr. Ernst J. Tanke, of Chicago, proprietor of the drug store at Ohio and Wells streets, fell dead the other day from heart failure in the office of his friend Dr. William Thels, at No. 152 Fremont street.

A few weeks ago, says the Chicago Record, he received a letter from Koenigsberg, in East Prussia, where he lived before coming to America. He is known to have made answer. Last Tuesday afternoon he received a telegraph message, which, although he told no one of its contents, put him in a state of great excitement.

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